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VERSES

WRITTEN BY

JAMES D. SIMONSON,

Petersburg, Va.

1885.

EVERGREENS

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THESE VERSES were not originally intended for publication, but as the times have changed my condition, and hoping that a generous public will assist me in providing an honest living for myself and wife in our declining age, I have ventured to put them in print. The first piece, on the following page, will explain why they were written.

Hoping that a generous public will not

"View me with a critic's eye,

But pass my imperfections by,"

I am, truly yours,

JAMES D. SIMONSON.

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John B. Ege, Printer and Binder, Petersburg, Va.

Why Is It?

February 23d, 1880.

Why is it some oppose me so,
And wish to fix my lines in prose,
When I choose to write in verse
And only to my friends rehearse?

Do they think that I'm to use
Whatever they may fancy and I not choose?
My will is of a higher sort—
Made by my GOD, which He has wrought.

Made in His own likeness,
  Free to choose, and for Him to use,
Without restraint if made a saint,
  So that my will is free to choose.

And would you confine me to prose,
  And not let me write in verse,
When my thoughts in this channel flows?
  Nor do I see it will improve or make it worse.

No poet's name do I claim,
  Nor do I feel for that I'm the worse;
I only with my thoughts, though blamed,
  And still continue to write in verse.

The Saviour Above the Storm.

February 1st, 1881.

Every stormy-wind that blows,
Dashes the waves along the shores,
And causes the sea to show his power,
By running fast for many an hour.

But there is a power above the storm,
When winds are howling—hope all gone;
The Saviour riseth with power divine,
And sayeth to old ocean, "thou art mine!"

In a moment, at His word,
Not a wave or sound is heard—
All is calm and in sweet repose,
As if no storm had ever rose.

Calm as the sea now lying at rest,
We know not which for us the best;
But He who directs them all,
Will sustain as on us they fall.

Then we are in the hands of Him
Who is king of storms; and we are kin
By a stronger tie than nature gives—
Bought by His blood—in heaven to live.

My Guide.

December 29th, 1881.

Oh, God, be Thou my guide,
And lead me in the narrow way;

Keep near by when I am tried,
Be with me every hour and every day.

As I grow old, get weak and weary,
Let me lean on Thy great arm,
So that I may not turn and hurry
From a place so sure from harm.

Wilt Thou not still be by me,
In my times of deepest gloom?
Let me turn to Thee and see
What will bring deliverance soon.

As I near old Jordan's stream,
Ready for my exit through it,
May Thy rod still be seen,
Touching the waters with it.

When the other shore I reach,
Where sorrow never, never comes,
Then will I praise Thee whom I seek,
In the joyful ages yet to come.

Christ Walking the Sea.

April 22d, 1881.

The winds were contrary,
As He walked the sea,
The disciples were weary,
As they looked out to see
A man on the sea,
A spirit it must be,
For no one can walk
On this rough rolling sea.

Not thinking of Christ,
  That He was so nigh—
Then He sayeth "be not
  Afraid, it is I!"
Yes, walking the sea
  When the billows are high,
As easy as if
  No storm were nigh.

Feeding the many
  With a few loaves of bread;
Then how can we doubt any
  Word He hath said.
As we walk life's sea
Let us learn even to be
As calm in life's storm
As a dew drop at morn.

I Do Remember My Fault This Day.

May 3d, 1880.

Memory! oh, what a precious boon,
It brings back to view our childhood home,
And makes us feel what joys we have had,
Although it often makes us sad.

Memory! oh, who would not cherish
Such a blessing, which God makes flourish?
To remember things that have not perished,
Which are as fresh as the things we nourished.

On memory's page, our faults are there,
Nor can we ever remove them thence;
They crowd upon us in time so rare,
That we would, if we could, remove them hence.

When we remember our faults they bring us low,
And we call upon God, in time of woe;
We ask for grace to urge our race,
And press onward to our heavenly place.

Ah! who would forget the thinge we love?
Oh no, it would weaken our faith on things above;
It would fix us to the things below,
Nor would our thoughts in a higher channel flow.

God's Wondrous Power in the Storm.

April 23d, 1881.

Oh, what wondrous power is shone
By the Almighty God alone;
In storms and clouds and rainbow scenes,
To show us how He uses His means.

Hear the muttering thunder as the lightning flashes,
On the earth its sound now dashes;
Without notice—in a moment comes;
Seen by all, as through the sky it runs.

The storm-king in its fury hurls
The largest things in this wide world,
And dashes, scatters all around,
Leaving nothing but the naked ground.

Behold the storm as it sweeps along,
Carrying all—both weak and strong;
Wrecking of houses and the breaking of trees,
All leaves us more humble, to pray on our knees.

When the storm is all past and we are in tears,
And the rainbow of promise, as told by our seers,
Comes radiant and bright and relieves us of fears,
We turn to life's joys and pray for happier years.

You Cannot Keep Me Back.

October 22d, 1879.

You cannot keep me back: my fired soul will rise
And soar amid scenes where Jesus dwells unseen by mortal eyes.
Will scan the scenery of the heavens, where pleasure never dies,
And see by faith, those richest joys, high up in the ethereal skies.

You cannot keep me down to earth by all of earth-born cares;
I will rise in the strength of God on high and soar amid the stars.
By faith I will meet the angels as they fly, by God in mercy sent,
And view them as they rapid move to cheer the saints who're sent.

No, you cannot keep me with my mind always fixed on the earth,
I love to think of the things given by the new birth;

It creates a hungering desire, which brings me near my God,
And fills me with a constant zeal, to submit and take the rod.

You cannot keep my soul bound by time or space;
It dashes like a comet, carrying its fiery trail in haste,
To illuminate its track as onward it moves with grace,
Until within the hierarchy of the skies it stops for a moments' taste.

Oh, would you keep me pent up on earth, and not let my soul arise,
To catch the songs which angels sing, and dwell away with God awhile,
And by faith to see the golden streets and Jasper walls, the throne and size,
And see the blood-washed throng, and hear their songs, and see my Savior and His smiles?

Sad to Hear.

June 23d, 1880.

We met two friends, old in years,
Their talk was sad to human ears;
But to God no higher praise,
If strong in faith through sorrowing days.

It is sad to hear tales of woe,
As told by men we honor so,
But there is no trouble, how'er severe,
That Jesus will not stoop to cheer.

Go on, old friends, be cheerful still;
Your time may be hard, if it is God's will—
It will lead you to a higher state,
And bring you to the golden gate.

You will then sorrow no more—
Enter the gate with the good and pure,
To dwell where pleasures ever endure,
And sing songs and be rich evermore.

I love to think of the coming time,
When the sorrows of earth will be left behind;
When the old of time will be young again,
And immortal youth will forever reign.

WRITTEN AFTER HEARING

Rev. Thomas Guard, D. D.,

At Washington Street M. E. Church, May 23d, 1882.

My thoughts were turned to the dotted sky,
All glorious as they shine by night,
And as we think of those that's nigh,
There are millions out of sight.

On, Thou great and glorious one,
That made them by Thy might,
And fixed in space, the golden sun,
To give them brighter light!

We look at but the edge of space—
We see what Thou has done,
And yet there is a greater space
Where worlds on worlds doth run.

But when we behold that brighter sun,
Which shines within the heart,
It fires up the immortal soul,
Which enjoys and praise His art.

We thank thee for those words of truth,
Which you brought to our minds so bright;
You made us feel how much of youth,
Bright thoughts would come through our eternal sight.

Whom Men Forsake God Will Own.

December 21st, 1881.

Whom men forsake God will own,
Regardless of their frowns and pets,
And lead them where grace is shown,
And class them with God's chosen sect.

Men may frown if God still owns;
I care not for their cruel thrust;
But bow with reverence at His throne,
And ask for grace to love and trust.

Men did follow my Saviour thus;
They shouted "hosannah" when they thought Him King;
But hark; how soon the crowd was hushed
When soldier's came and bound their King.

Men stand around us in our sunny days,
When all is fair, light and gay;
But when clouds are in their stormy ways,
They leave you and not a word they say.

There is one that is true to all His poor;
When men assail He guides them but the more,
And leads them until storms are over,
To the far-off land, where peace reigns evermore.

Friendship.

August 24th, 1882.

Friendship is like a river,
When full and needs no supply;
There seems no better giver
When the stream is full—not dry.

But when the stream runs low,
They see there is no supply;
They begin to leave and go,
For the time of drought is nigh.

The river now is dry;
It has no moisture now to give;
The friend that partook of his supply,
Cares not where he may live.

Where is the friends who loved,
And used that word so freely;
They fly away like Noah's dove,
To find others they love more dearly.

But there is a friend that never fails,
In wet and dry and cold;
He always keeps close by in gales,
To save the storm-tossed soul.

Unknown Hand.

January 5th, 1883.

An unknown hand my wants relieved,
And caused my anxious heart to feel
That there is a power in true belief,
Which never doubts, though all seems sealed.

The hand that done so good a deed
Was surely moved by God, who knows
The time to give to those who need,
And bring blessings to the one who sows.

The giver and he who received,
Was both alike by God relieved—
One for his precious deed,
The other for the good received.

Oh, God, let me ever be
Willing to trust my all to thee;
And with a faith that ne'er can see
Nothing but good and truth in thee.

"Examine Yourselves and See Whether You are in the Faith or No."

January 19th, 1881.

Examine yourselves before the Lord,
And see what your standings are;
Whether your faith and love accord
With God's word, as written there.

If, when before the Lord we come,
In earnest to discover our state,
We will see how slow we have run,
To enter the bright and golden gate.

When before the gospel glass
We present ourselves to look and see,
We abhor ourselves, throw off the mask,
Say to the Lord, "we'll better be."

We thank Thee, oh, Thou great Jehovah,
That Thou hast given a test to know
Whether our sins are covered over,
Or if we love Thee—is it so?

Then if we have a test to prove,
And know whether we are right or wrong,
We would press forward and remove
Everything that mars our song.

The Love of the Father.

November 14th, 1879.

The love of God how great, how high!
None but his Son can come so nigh.
He comes to earth in human form
To show us how to breast the storm.

His love is like the air we breathe,
It fills all earth, it strides the seas,
It reaches to the God above,
Comes down to Man—for God is love.

His love is like the water, sparkling pure,
Runs through all lands, and dashes along the ocean shore;
Bursts from the mountain for the rich and poor,
To quench the thirst of all living creatures evermore.

His love is like the Sun that shines,
Enlightens all nature and baptizing every mind;
It drives away the shades of night,
And gives to sight all that is bright.

His love—it fires every living soul;
Gives peace and makes His songs to roll,
And fires his love, as God is love,
And brings us to His home above.

Tares and Wheat.

April 20th, 1880.

The tares and wheat together grow,
And wave side by side in fields below,
Until the harvest, in its time will come—
Then the reapers will cut down one by one.

Then the tares into bundles bound,
Laid on the ground, wherever found,
Waiting for their fiery doom,
To be burned, yet unconsumed.

The wheat in bundles, put in shocks,
To be removed where no one ever mocks,
Until the time when God will own
The sheaves brought in, by whomsoever sown.

Then the rejoicing time will be sure,
When the wheat is garnered in God's great store,
Where no more the tares will be mixed with wheat,
And no more an enemy shall show his deceit.

The angels of God will have reaped the world over,
And gathered the wheat where no more any rover
Will ever be found to mix with its glory,
Or insinuate evil or tell a sad story.

A Perfect Saviour.

November 8th, 1879.

In the dawn of creation Christ was the word,
And spoke into existence all things as they are;
One word from His lips, pronounced and was heard,
Brought forth in order, sun, moon and stars.

He spoke and the waters divided into seas,
With all the finny tribes, according to His decrees,
Which dwell in all waters, rivulets and streams,
And God pronounced them good, and so it's seen.

He said, "let there be light," and the beauties of day,
Burst forth on nature as pleasant as May;
The trees in full foliage, the grass and the flowers,
Came bursting in sunlight with beauty and bowers.

He spoke, and the lowing of animals and singing of birds,
As they went forth o'er creation by gangs and by herds,
All nature was bright and sparkled with beauty,
As the angels beheld and went forth to duty.

Come, "let us make man," the greatest of all,
And a helpmeet to bless and hear Adam's call;
To be with him in Eden and share all his joys,
And meet with their God in Eden's vast hall.

Oh, who would have thought the devil, in flowers,
Would have come to fair Eden, 'mid rainbow and bowers,
To tempt the pair, so lately made free,
To eat of an apple whose death he could see?

But our Perfect Saviour wrenched from his grasp,
By adopting a plan which should save our lost race—
By shedding His blood, forever to last,
To redeem a fallen race by the word of his grace.

The Heavenly Song.

December 8th, 1879.

A new song was sung by the heavenly host,
As the sound of many waters, as it burst forth
From the thousands of thousands of angels that stand,
United by the redeemed who come up from all lands.

Saying, thou art worthy to take the book,
And the seals to unlock and its mysteries to see;
For Thou was slain to redeem those who come unto Thee,
And thus they are made kings and priests, as we see.

The lion of the tribe of Judah, with wisdom and power,
Has brought us to sing and rejoice in this hour;
With robes washed white and crowns made bright,
We strike our harps and rejoice in His sight.

Worthy is the Lamb to receive power and riches,
As the song roll'd on and caught by every creature,
And adds wisdom and strength: all honor and glory
Be unto the Father and Son of this story.

Well might John weep, until he knew and could see
The wonder unfolded by the Lion with his key;
Yes, St. John, in his weeping, by an angel was told,
That the Lion was able its mysteries to unfold.

Well might they sing the heavenly song,
To see the Lamb with his mighty throng,
Giving glory and honor, majesty and power,
Unto Him who can reveal all that's done to this hour.

Rev. —— Bradshaw at the Funeral of Mrs. A. J. Allen.

Text:—"The King in all His beauty and the Land afar off."

June 29th, 1879.

Oh, when to Jordan's stream I come,
Before I enter in, oh may I see the land afar,
And catch the sound as the music runs,
As sung before the King in all His beauty there.

Then with hopes the brighter I will enter
Old Jordan's stream, though rough my road;
With God's rod and staff my soul shall waft,
To see the King in all His beauty and His shining staff.

I shall see the land that's fairer than day,
'Mid streams and trees, bowers and flowers,

Where all is bright and beautiful to see,
And join the King in His beauty and bowers.

The King in His beauty and the land afar,
By faith we bring it near to sight,
Until we cross old Jordan's stream: when there
We'll see Him in His beauty and might.

Then 'mid the songs of a heavenly sort,
We'll join with loved ones at home,
In anthems of praise, as we are taught,
To the King in all His beauty on His throne.

God Is Our Refuge.

December 23d, 1880.

When the day is dark and dreary,
When our friends seem few—not many,
Then it is that we are weary,
Look at life's cares and cry, "oh, how many."

We turn to our God and in Him find a refuge,
Though dark be the way on His arm is our stay;
We will say to Him in prayer, that He may include
Us in that number at the great judgment day.

It is pleasant to have a sure refuge to seek
In times of trouble, temptation, when weak,
And tell in His ear, when humble and meek,
The troubles we've had through the fast rolling week.

No trials so hard but He promises to give
His grace to support and keep us from ill;

And to teach us how with faith to live,
And to submit to His righteous will.

Then we have a sure refuge on which to rely;
In days of temptation He'll be ever nigh
To assist us when weary, and to Him we may fly,
To be upheld by His power who reigneth on high.

The Day of Prayer for Sunday Schools.

October 19th and 20th.

From Old England a call was made,
To join in prayer so all could aid
In coming to the mercy seat;
Let none be lacking, none be weak.

The Sunday School, the theme for prayer,
And this wide world to ask its share,
For grace to help each one to bear
His proportion of the work with care.

Let all who join in prayer to Thee,
For this cause to grow and better be,
Have the Holy Spirit as he requires,
To teach and talk with hallowed fire.

Then, oh, my God, the work will grow—
Run over the earth among rich and poor;
With crowded schools we all will meet,
And teach and sing and pray before the mercy seat.

Lord, hear the prayer Thy people pray,
On land or sea or wherever made,

To bless this cause with increasing glory,
Whether sung in song or told in story.

As time rolls on may the day of prayer,
Be felt by many a consecrated heart from care,
Which has caught the inspiration of this day,
Be with them in all their acts and what they say.

Glorious prospects! better days ahead!
When all Sunday Schools hear what hath been said;
Then with prayer and song they'll strike a higher note
Than was ever sung by shepherds, or prophets wrote.

Shall We Doubt the Goodness of God.

September 10th, 1878.

Shall we doubt thy goodness, Lord,
In all that Thou hast done?
We see it in all Thy works,
It is written in the sun.

We behold Thy love in every created thing—
The waving grain, the beautiful flowers, and the stinging bee,
The bleating sheep, the lowing cow, the noble horse, and all
the animals we see—
Man stands superior in love to Thee as sure as Thy decree.

The darkened clouds that float o'er our sky,
Has much in them to behold, as the lightning flashes by;
The muttering thunders do but speak that God is still on high,
And reigns through all created things, without a single sigh.

We love Him because He first loved us,
As all His love doth show, He left His shining retinue
To sustain the faith of His three Hebrews,
And the fiery flames subdue.

All o'er our heads, beneath our feet,
We see His wisdom and His power;
Even robs death of her sting, and she retreats,
Saves all who call through every fleeting hour.

Uncertain and Certain.

June 17th, 1879.

Tell me what is certain here on earth;
Oh, tell me; I wish to hear you say;
And let it guide me, as from my birth,
To the place where I can find the way.

There is a place where God and angles dwell,
As certain as God has made heaven and hell.
Then certainty is sure, and all the good and pure,
Will dwell in heaven and bad men dwell in hell.

Oh, God of Heaven, thou who made the earth,
And with it all that is uncertain here below,
Has also made a place where uncertainty has no birth,
And where all is beautiful, eternity will show.

My God, protect me in this uncertain state,
Until I shall reach the eternal shore,
And join with loved ones who has lost all hate,
To unite in songs of praise and the holy Three adore.

Old Christian Soldier.

[Dedicated to Alexander W. Snyder.]

Fight on Christian soldier, the battle is well nigh won,
Gird up thyself and to conquest still go on;
A few more conflicts and then thy work will be done,
Then the Jordan crossed, you'll be there, ever shining on.

Old soldeir, we have seen the flashes of your sword,
Your shield was bright, you had your helmet on;
You was strong in the power of His might whom you adored,
What a pretty sight to see the Christian soldier with his armor on.

We love to hear you sing the battle cry—
"Come on my partners in distress, we'll conquer though we die!"
We will meet the last enemy of ours and lay our armor by,
It will be a victory we shall gain, and no one dare deny.

Old soldier, we trust to sing a few more songs
Together here, and then away to Jesus, on wings of love we'll fly.
You will go up through great tribulation, but your robes will be whiter than the sun;
No more sorrow for you, we'll shout hallelujah as you fly through the sky.

By faith I see you with the blood-washed throng,
And almost hear you take up the immortal song—
Glory be to God and the Lamb who has washed us, to whom we belong,
In His precious blood, and you'll sing hallelujah with a happier song.

Is it well with Thee.

September 28th, 1878.

Is it well with thee when in your mansion, rich with beauty,
Adorned with clothes all made for your estate;
Do you with a heart all humble from duty,
Say, "Lord if it is not well with me now, oh how base?"

Is it well with thee, in poverty's wail,
When nothing but sorrow seemes to prevail?
Have you a heart overflowing with love,
That says, it is well, for Jesus has died and now lives above?

Is it well with thee, when storms are raging,
Thunders roaring, lightning flashing all the while?
Yes, if your heart with prayer is engaging,
Jesus, who guides the storm, will say, it is well with my child.

Is it well with thee, when sickness comes near,
As you lay on your bed or recline on the floor?
Then if Jesus is near I shall have no fear,
And say it is well with my soul, because Him I adore.

Will it be well with thee when death shall come?
It is but the message that Jesus sends to take you up on high.
He will rob it of its sting and the work will be done,
Then you say, it is well with my soul, for my Saviour is nigh.

The Touch of the Hand.

April 30th, 1880.

You touch my hand so feebly,
There is a doubt if really

You intend me to meet,
Or change to another street.

Oh, how I wish some friendly hand
Would shake me as if I were a man,
And show me how to brake this chain
That binds me with such steady reign.

Oh, shake me with a hand to win,
And make me feel there is a vim
In taking a man from sin and shame,
And leading him to the Lamb that was slain.

Then with a heart beginning to feel,
I will go and ask and beg and kneel,
Where good men's prayers are not concealed,
But heard by God, and to him I'll yield.

Then with a heart baptized with love,
I'll turn my thoughts to things above,
Where joys that fill the heavenly host,
I will praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

Take Ye Away the Stone.

May 21st, 1880.

Take ye away the stone,
And let the dead arise;
Ye need not now a moment mourn,
For Jesus dries the moistened eyes.

Cast away the stones we view,
That blast all our earthly joys,

And be to ourselves as true
As these stones we hold like toys.

Oh, help us to take these stones away,
So we may our duty and interest see;
Then we will go forward day by day,
Encouraging the weak that they may better be.

Hear the command—"loose him
From the grave clothes by which he is bound!"
And let him tread the solid ground,
Go forth and show himself free and sound.

Then let us take these stones away,
And act well our part each day,
That every sin that beset our hearts—
Let's turn away and seek the better part.

Then when the stones are all removed,
And we become what Christ approves,
We'll reach a higher state of love,
And rejoice as we press onward to our home above.

To the Memory of Dr. Withers.

April 8th, 1879.

He is gone to his home with all the blessed,
And now reigns in glory with that happy guest;
Now striking his harp, and joining in chorus
Unto God and the Lamb, a glorified guest.

He will be missed from among us day after day,
As he used to ride around, his patients to see;

He will not be seen again, for in Blandford he now lays,
And is only in state, waiting the judgment in reverence to see.

We will miss you, dear doctor, at home and in the street;
No more your kind talk will you ever again repeat,
Or, pressing your hand on your patients asleep,
To feel, at a touch, their pulse as it beat.

"Your work was well done," your Saviour will say,
As by His call you was summoned away
To join with the saints, who are brighter than day,
And roam o'er the fields of Eden 'mid flowers fairer than May.

We would not recall you from pleasures evermore,
To enjoy for awhile the best of earth's store;
For amid the trees that are ever blooming your trials are now o'er,
And we will bid you farewell to meet on the shining shore.

To the Memory of A. J. Allen.

June 10th, 1880.

He is dead and yet not dead,
His spirit lives for evermore
With loved ones who have gone ahead,
They now rejoice on the distant shore.

His body lies among the dead,
His spirit is with God on high,
His body in its dusty bed,
His spirit with his loved ones nigh.

He has gone from the church below,
And joined the church above,

And with songs to God, the more
Will he sing his praise of love.

We will miss you as you soar
In your blessed state of love,
But we will love you but the more
As we think of you above.

We will not say farewell forever,
It is not written in God's word;
Only by-you-by, as we are severed,
Until we meet and our shouts are heard.

To the Memory of Mrs. Martha C. Dyson.

March 23d, 1882.

Calmly sank her soul to rest,
As sinks the setting sun;
No word was heard as she heaved her breast,
To tell that life's work was done.

So calmly did she lie and wait
By the side of Jordan's shore,
And caught a glimpse of her future state,
Shouting glory at the entering door.

Jesus met her at the door,
With staff in hand, he led her
Through the waters to the sun-bright shore,
Where loved ones now do greet her.

Far from the sorrows of earth,
Her sainted spirit now dwells,

To enjoy her heavenly birth
And hear the golden bells.

Her time on earth was long—
Four score years and five;
But her mind to the last was strong—
As long as she kept alive.

Beautiful saint, more lovely than before,
We hope to greet you by and by,
Where clouds and storms no more
Will reach that far-off sky.

To the Memory of Mrs. Virginia A. Traylor.

November 19th, 1880.

The spirit calls my soul away
To a brighter home above;
Oh, I hear them here to-day,
Saying, come away dear beloved.

Its hard to leave loved ones to mourn—
Husband and my dear sons;
But I leave you not forlorn,
Trust in my Saviour—God's dear Son.

Then your will get ready to appear,
With me in my Father's bright home,
And will not be mindful of time, or the year,
When he shall call you to His bright throne.

Its my Father's good pleasure to take me away,
To enjoy the mansion that is ready for me;

Now you must get ready, not loosing a day,
To join with me in glory—adoring the Three.

Farewell my kindred and my friends,
Only so long as life it shall last;
If all of you on my Saviour depend,
He will soon bring you to me, as time flies so fast.

To My Brother, on the Death of His Wife.

November 18th, 1884.

Dear brother, I sympathize with you,
You have lost your dearest friend;
For your love to her was true,
But sorrows on earth will end.

But there is a time to which our hope,
May gladden us all again,
When all our joys will have a wider scope,
And in richer fields to reign.

It's sad to part with one so true,
But her happiness has just begun;
For she has left behind for you,
A Christian race she has run.

Oh, may you trust, with faith, to see
Her in that better land above;
Where all in peace and joy shall be—
And meet with those we used to love.

Oh, brother how my heart doth swell
To think that we may meet above,
With those who on earth do dwell,
And join with them—for God is love.

To the Memory of Mrs. Martha A. Peterson.

February 2d, 1885.

Her gloomy days is past and gone,
Her brightest days has just begun ;
Earth's sorrows with its cares no more
Will reach her, as her course is run.

No more we will hear her voice,
No more we will see her form;
But in heaven, with Christ, her choice,
Will He with crown and robe adorn.

Yes, whiter than the white of earth,
No stain or spot can now be found;
All rich and pure in her new birth,
With mansion, harp and palm and crown.

Oh, happy saint, with the just and pure,
In heaven robed to sin no more ;
To sing with the throng that ever adore
On the boundless, shining shore.

We will not say farewell forever,
But by-you-by till life be severed ;
Then we shall meet as we have never,
To sing songs of praise with her forever.

TO THE MEMORY OF

Little Gracie Alfriend.

March 6th, 1882.

Fair and bright was little Gracie,
In the early morn of life,
But the Lord transplanted Gracie
From the toils of earth and strife,

To a bright and better state,
Where all are happy there,
To join her Saviour at the gate,
And add to His crown a star.

Happy is her little spirit,
With all the blessed above;
How can we now regret it,
As she lives with all who love.

Then let our tears be few,
And march with strength anew,
To join the good and true
With Gracie and her Saviour too.

Death of President Garfield.

THE BELLS ARE TOLLING.

September 26th, 1881.

What mean these tolling bells, and why
A nation's heart beats at the mournful cry?
Her honored son lay now in state,
While the nation weeps o'er his sorrowful fate.

Oh, cruel hand that done the deed,
That made a nation's heart to bleed.
We feel how week we mortals are
When we humble our hearts in prayer.

Oh, gracious Lord, thy mercy show
To his mother, in this her time of woe,
And lead her through her grief to see
What wondrous love she has in Thee.

Oh, God, Thou art the widow's God;
Thy hand will soothe without the rod,
And lead her gently, until sorrow is o'er,
To meet loved ones on the eternal shore.

Oh, God, Thou art the children's father,
Do lead them with thy blessed hand,
Until life's toils are over,
To the far-off and beautiful land.

Oh, God, the nation bows to-day,
And humbly at Thy feet they pray—
Oh, guide our Ship of State anew,
With all her freight and all her crew.

To the Memory of Mary.

April 26th, 1881.

We miss you in the morning light,
We miss you in the evening shade,
We no more see thy eyes so bright,
That adorned our Mary maid.

We miss you, for you used to aid
  Your friend so dear, you said,
Because you was not paid
  To be honored by our Mary maid.

If your words were true,
  We will not grieve for you;
But in your absence try to do
  What will lead us to glory and to you.

Oh, may our Father's heavenly smiles
  Greet you on the other shore,
Where friend meets friend in the golden aisle
  And sing glory forever and evermore.

Glory to God! the time is coming,
  When loved ones of earth will meet again,
And the sorrows we have past, so stunning,
  Will never enter those bright plains.

MOTTOS.

DEW DROPS.

Dew drops touching the plants at morning time,
  Making them rich with nature's wine;—
So may the young in their bright mind
  Receive the touch from God so kind.

ONWARD AND UPWARD.

Onward and upward is our motto,
Until we reach our home above;
Awhile we teach in our earthly grotto,
Learning more of songs we love.

INVINCIBLES.

Invincibles, pressing onward never tiring,
Always watching, ready, waiting
To receive whate'er is coming,
Without murmuring, although we wait.

REAPERS.

Reapers, the harvest is ready; wait no longer,
Thrust in your scythe and cut to-day;
If you wait you will get no stronger,
Now is the time to get your pay.

EARNEST WORKERS.

Earnest workers, that is the way,
To learn your lesson day by day—
Without toil we get no pay,
But if in earnest watch and pray.

TOKENS OF LIGHT.

Tokens of light, there is a way
By which the darkness turns to light.
Blind Bartemeus cried to Jesus on the way,
And He said, "thy faith to thee is sight."

BUDS OF PROMISE.

Buds of promise, pure and sweet,
Changing their form from buds to flowers,
Until they in forms complete,
Present their charms to all their lovers.

HOPE.

Hope is the bow that spans our sky,
Gives color to the darkest cloud ;
And as the sunlight passes by
Puts diamonds on our cloudy shroud.

YOUNG LABORERS.

Young laborers, do your best,
You will reap for labor done,
You will have a sweeter rest
When your time of reckoning's come.

TRUTH-SEEKERS.

Truth-seekers, the word of God is truth,
Though all things else is false ;
Oh, what a pleasing thing to learn the youth
That all our God hath said is truth.

BIBLE READERS.

Bible readers, do your duty
As you read what it has told,
Learn its teaching and its beauty,
Which through it our God unfolds.

PEARL-SEEKERS.

Pearl-seekers they are seeking pearls,
Not in the ocean's depth to find,
But in the mind where thought unfurls
Its richest pearls and gems combined.

HEAD-LIGHTS.

Head-lights—we see them on the road,
That points us the way to tread,
We need not err, if we watch the board;
We will march with courage—have no dread.

MARINERS.

Mariners they are sailing the sea of life,
They have breakers ahead along the coast;
But in the storm let no word of strife
Be heard by Him we love the most.

LITTLE SUNBEAMS.

Little sunbeams, sparkling here, stopping there,
Full of life, without much care,
Touching the flowers rich and rare,
Making them bloom both full and fair.

LITTLE GLEANERS.

Little gleaners, picking up the scattered wheat
Making it ready for the Master's use,
At His command to use as meet,
Without reluctance or excuse.

Of Gloomy Times.

Beyond this gloom there is a star,
That shines as bright
And looks as fair
As if no clouds dimmed our sight.

Lecture Delivered by Wm. G. Starr, D. D.

In High Street Church a *star* appeared,
And with it light did shine;
On Masonry it poured its rays,
And a living STARR did shine.

Toil on.

October 12th, 1880.

Toil on, yes, toil on and on—
No rest for pilgrims here below;
There is a state, where some have gone
And reached a place where toil's no more.

Toil on, ye pilgrims, here in sorrow,
It is a preparation for that blessed hereafter,
Which will bring the last to-morrow,
And then we will join our great Pay-Master.

Toil is rest, if cares are gone,
Who labour for our Master here,
And then the great eternal morn,
Shall burst with sounds on our dull ears.

Toil on—no time for rest,
Until we reach our heavenly home;
Then we will know what was is best,
And reap what we have sown.

Toil is over, pilgrim soldiers,
We have reached the other shore,
Where we never will grow older,
But be young, and toil no more.

Song of Praise.

January 6th, 1881.

We will praise Thee, we will praise Thee,
In our home, yes, we will praise Thee;
All of us will join and praise Thee,
As we sing our hearts shall praise Thee.

In our prayers, Lord, help us to praise Thee,
In our songs we'll praise Thee still;
Down to Jordan's stream we'll praise Thee,
And in death we'll praise Thy will.

When in heaven we'll praise Thee more,
And hear the songs of the heavenly host,
And catch the sounds never heard before,
In praise of Him we love the most.

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